

# THE EXAMINER.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.  
Devoted to the discussion of all questions relating to the Moral, Social and Material advancement  
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# The Examiner.

HEAR ALL SIDES—THEN JUDGE.

VOL. I.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

NO. 2.

## Why did Guiteau kill the President.

Various are the reasons assigned for the commission of this foul deed, but it seems as if the majority of those who have undertaken to instruct us on the subject, were only striving to cover up and hide the real cause.

The Hartford Post attributes it to "his habitual reading of the daily diatribes of the organs of the Conkling faction and the Star Route gang."

The St. Paul Pioneer Press (*Independent Republican*) says: "Doubtless he is crazy; but not the most consummate craft could have planned a political assassination so opportune for the purposes of the stalwart chiefs who are benefited by it. A single life lay between them and the possession of patronage, which they counted as the chiefest of earthly goods, and for which they had struggled with the firm disposition of hungry wolves." This, the merest political novice will readily construe as a direct and open insinuation of a stalwart conspiracy to murder the President.

There are some who strive to mix it up with "Nihilism" seemingly for the purpose of creating an opportunity to fire off their guns of ill-charged logic against "our foreign element" in American politics.

We might go on and instance numerous other theories, all varying in accordance with the particular point desired to be gained, or the thought to be concealed.

What we desire to ascertain is this: What was the immediate cause of the assassination?

All honest, thoughtful and impartial minded people have long ago come to the conclusion, that the spoils system of official patronage by our government was the basis, the "solid basis," on which rested the whole nefarious business. But the immediate cause is the subject now before us.

Guiteau, it must be remembered, was "quite a fellow," an important factor in the last presidential campaign. Wasn't he "a lawyer, theologian, politician, a stalwart of the stalwarts, and with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass?" Was he not a delegate to the Chicago Convention, where he did all in his power to break the "unit rule"; and did he not deliver a speech in New York City, which was printed and published by the Republican National Committee in pamphlet form as a campaign document?

Now it is pertinent to ask, why was Guiteau so zealously interested in the success of the Republican party. Was it patriotism? We can hardly look for such a sentiment in one who though figuring conspicuously on the stage during our Moody and Sankey revival here a few years ago, nevertheless strayed off forgetting to settle his board bill, his hostess being a widow lady at that.

No, patriotism is something that has long been banished from the heart and mind of the professional politician. Guiteau's reward was to be (so they assured him, of course) a position as consul to some foreign city, where ease and luxury awaited him.

Yes, readers, poor "Gitto" was a good, noble, faithful dog that served his masters well. He "smelt" here and "trotted" there at their commands; and they patted and stroked him on the back, and said "good old fellow, when the fight is over, if we are victorious, you must have a bone, and there will be meat on it too." And poor "Gitto" pranked and frisked and barked with delight at the thought of such a bountiful repast. What poor forlorn hungry dog would not?

At last, the long angry struggle is finished. The fight is over, and the fight is won. "Gitto," now frantic with delight, quickly trots into his masters' presence with an anxious, inquiring look upon his countenance, which plainly asks: "Where's my bone?"

"But Linden saw another sight." The scene is changed. "Gitto," whose grizzly face a moment before was radiant with the glowing anticipations of "a good square meal," is now depressed and scowling.

He is given to understand that there were several more dogs in the kennel, and there were not bones enough to go round.

"When he went there, the cupboard was bare, and no poor dog 'Gitto' got none."

Now finding himself outside the gate, after repeated efforts to get in, and being repulsed at every effort, he finally betakes himself to his master's friends, where with imploring look he again begs for that bone, for which he so long and so assiduously labored.

But alas! he finds that the master and friends are no longer, their influence in that direction being entirely impotent, not only on behalf of "Gitto" but even to secure "for themselves the loaves and fishes" for which so many concessions had been made and personal ambitions sacrificed.

Poor "Gitto" betrayed, disappointed, neglected and hungry, now becomes hopelessly rabid, and in the frenzy of desperation, being pointed to the President as the obstacle in the way of the much coveted prize, immediately springs at his throat, and President Garfield dies from the effects of Political Garfielditis.

Mr. Wm. J. Coughlin, Main St., Middletown, has kindly consented to act as our agent at that city, where the EXAMINER will be kept on sale and subscriptions taken.

## How it Appears to an Impatient Reformer.

If a Reformer would determine before hand how Humanity will return his noble effort for their deliverance let him attempt to rescue a mule from a burning stable.

The mule will endeavor to kick his brains out.

Why? Because, it lacks the intelligence necessary for its deliverance.

Thus Intelligence ever endeavors to rescue Ignorance, and thus ever receives a kick for his reward.

Why? Because, if Ignorance could recognize its deliverance, it would not be Ignorance—or need a deliverer. Being Ignorance its existence is to kick, and be kicked.

Reformers are merely endeavoring to bring the Human Mule out from the Hell of darkness, into the God light of Intelligence.

And, Mule-like, it kicks.

Just as it has always been kicking.

Christ, went to the Cross—John Brown went to the scaffold.

One because He was nearer to God than other men.

The other, because he was better than the rest of humanity—the same thing.

Every day I see a Christ upon the Cross—every day I see a John Brown upon the scaffold—every day I see Genius, Talent, and Love offer themselves, and every day the same ragged famished wretches who cheered as the cruel spikes were being driven through the palms of the author of the "Sermon on the Mount," who howled with delight as the murderous rope throttled John Brown—cheering and howling again and again at the destruction of their salvation and the salvation of their destruction.

"Forgive them! Father! They know not what they do! This is the struggle.

Intelligence to save Indifference—Indifference to not be saved.

The mule kicking the brains out of its would be preserver.

But the mule is constantly undergoing a change. His ears are gradually shortening—His mouth receding—His tail shrinking—is forehanded raising higher and higher—and into his thick skull, idea upon idea penetrates, until with each moment's swing of the spheres, He approximates nearer and nearer the human—

Gradually it dawns upon his crude perception that something is trying to do him good—by degrees he ceases kicking—faintly he recognizes that an effort is being made for his deliverance.

Partakes of a portion of Intelligence.

Then, from an emblem of disgrace, the Cross becomes an emblem of honor. Then the scaffold becomes transformed into the Triumphal Arch. Then a Lincoln ascends the Throne for espousing that, for which a John Brown ascended the scaffold.

So, shall the ideas which send men today to the Poor House, to-morrow send men to the White House.

So, shall Reform elect your future Presidents.

But between This and That there will have to be Christs and John Browns.

For the mule is now kicking Reform.

He brays out "Reform is too soon—too early in advance of the times."

Just what Pontius Pilate must have remarked as he affixed his signature for the crucifixion.

Just what the Hangman must have thought about freeing four million negroes as he placed the rope around the throat of their Liberator.

But never fear! Justice is imperishable.

What matters it, though John Brown's bones moulder in an unknown and uncelebrated grave. His virtues are beyond the glorification of marble. His greatness beyond the fading adornments of a Tomb. For upon the imperishable tablets of an

Eternal Memory the Almighty has written his epitaph—

Lo! a ray of eternal light direct from the heart of God penetrated a human brain, and thus illumined!—it wrote: "His Soul Goes Marching On!"

Ere I lay aside my pen something urges me to add—

Go thou likewise—Consecrate thy heart and brain and even so it shall be with thee.

## From the People.

EDITOR EXAMINER—Sir: Your paper, professing to be friendly to the interests of the common people, and its pages open for free discussion on any pertinent subject, I cannot indorse your first issue as being a sample of liberality. Your extreme opinions in reference to the Land Act are not consistent with the opinions of a large number of Irishmen with whom I have conversed. They wisely recommend a fair trial of the Land Act, which is far in advance as a liberal measure of any since the passing of the Reform Bill.

The resolution on the part of the Parnell branch of the land league, prohibiting the purchase of English manufactured goods by its members, is unwise; cannot do any good, and is an attempt to injure the working classes of England who are suffering from over taxation and oppressive land laws, with the Irish themselves. You cannot by such means have the full sympathy of Englishmen in your cause, believing, as they do, in obtaining their rights from the government by legitimate and peaceful means.

Yours in the cause of Justice, T. S.

## Industrial Notes.

EAST HAMPTON.—The "Pine Brook Property" is soon to be started by a joint stock company, who will manufacture yarn and twine.

ROCKVILLE.—Thompson & Holmes are to enlarge their Chuck factory.

BURNSIDE.—A large paper mill has commenced operations.

Boys employed at the Crescent glass works, Wheeling, W. Va., "struck," won, and are again at work.

"Gathering" boys at the Nail City glass works, Bridgeport, O., have struck for an advance of ten cents per ton.

Tailors of Dubuque, Iowa, struck for a bill of prices recently. The merchants "signed" and the conflict ended.

Cigar makers of Milwaukee, Wis., are on a great strike. Two hundred shops are stopped, and nine hundred men are out.

M. L. Filley's stove molders, near Troy, N. Y., struck against an attempt to disrupt their Union.

The printers of the Typographical Union who had been arraigned for "conspiracy" on account of visiting the establishment of Sherman Bros., to ascertain if Union rules and rates were adhered to, won their case, after a thorough investigation by Judge Allison.

The prosecuting attorney for Fayette County, W. Va., shot and killed a colored man, John Lewis, who was under arrest as the leader of the Coperton mines strikers, at Charleston, and who was attempting to escape.

The piano makers of Boston have demanded an increase of wages, from 5 to 20 per cent. The proprietors refuse to negotiate, and a general strike is imminent. The men, to the number of 500, held a meeting, but their deliberations were secret.

The depositors of the West Boston savings bank have been "readjusted" on the basis of 85 per cent.

## Kilkenny Cats.

General Grant being interviewed, duly deposes that Jim Blaine is a "bad and unscrupulous man;" who "crawls up to the enemy's back in a cowardly fashion and stabs him from behind"; that Blaine inspires or writes all the important political correspondence of the New York Tribune; that the Tribune has recently sent emissaries to him (Grant) with the offer to support Arthur and the stalwarts if fat offices were given to some of the Tribune's friends; that he (Grant) spurned the offer, because he hates the Tribune for having on January 9, A. D. 1875, advocated his (Grant's) assassination; and that if the Tribune doesn't quit its attack upon the stalwart administration right soon, he (Grant) will divulge secrets of the dead past which will blow the Tribunesky-high. And to all this the irreverent Tribune laughs sneeringly and says in effect, "Go ahead, old man; ease your mind and be damned. We can stand it if you can."

From these surface indications we gather that the band is almost ready to strike up, and the solemn time for small boys to fall back from the ring has come.—*Utica Observer.*

The adage informs us, that "when rogues quarrel honest men come by their rights." This, however, is not always true, and never will be, until the time comes when honest men will have a knowledge of what their rights are. That they now have not is apparent to every thoughtful creature, for if they had, such characters as Grant, and such journals as the Tribune, would occupy much less of their attention.

But go ahead Messrs. Gould and Grant. "Push things," tell all you know of each other; we'll try and stand it, even if it does take "all summer." If you hurt the party either. What if there is a little scattering amongst the rank and file, they can be all easily rallied again. All that is necessary is merely a blast of the bugle and a little "blazing kerosene" on the end of a stick.

Our Bachelor Cigars—Soby.

## Have the People Cause to Complain?

It is an admitted duty of government to protect its citizens in the possession and peaceful enjoyment of the fruit of their toil.

It must also be admitted, by every intelligent observer, that this duty is but half performed.

Our laws, indeed, undertake to protect the physically weak from wrong at the hands of the physically strong. But, in the light of our advanced civilization and knowledge, we see that it is just as important that men of ordinary acquirements and knowledge should be protected from wrong at the hands of their mental and intellectual superiors.

Has one man any better right to employ his superior intellect and knowledge to wrong his fellow than another who possesses superior physical strength has to use that for the same purpose? and if not, should not the government protect its citizens from one class of wrongs as much as the other?

What real difference between the man who abstracts a two-dollar note from my pocket, and the man who by cunning contrives to control the market so as to compel me to pay him two dollars advance on the ton of coal I am obliged to buy. Yet the first is called stealing, and the power of the state is invoked to pursue, convict and punish the offender, while the latter passes for a successful business operation. Flour advances from eight to ten dollars a barrel. We trace the cause to its source, and find that a Chicago wheat king has a corner in the market.

Kerosene goes from twenty to thirty cents per gallon. Has the supply diminished? No. Has the demand increased? No. Have the wages of those employed in its production and refinement been raised? No. No. The Standard Oil company, with its millions of ill gotten gain, has concluded to levy and collect its periodical tax from the laborers and producers of material wealth throughout the country.

No matter how abundant and bounteous may be the harvest of the western plains, neither the eastern mechanic nor the eastern farmer is suffered to profit thereby. For in passing through the toll-gates of the great transportation companies, the surplus is always passed to the credit of their account. And here in the east, no sooner does the inventive genius harness the lightning and bid it work for man, than the reins are passed into the hands of some gigantic soulless corporation, which in its mad struggle for gain, drives our small producers to the wall.

Our legislative halls, instead of defending the rights of the people, and enacting laws for their protection, have become mere breeding places and nurseries, from which hundreds if not thousands of these ravenous wolves are annually turned loose to prey upon the people.

These corporate monsters, governed, controlled or restrained by no law, human or divine, with their artificial, invisible bodies, always present to devour, yet never within reach of appeals for mercy or justice, aided by a corrupt and subversive press, are able to seize upon every addition to the stock of human knowledge and forge it into a link of the chain they have already used to bind the masses to the never ceasing treadmill life of toil.

And as the issue of this union of forces we have the aristocracy, which is a constant menace to our form of government and its institutions.

Counted amongst the offsprings are the Goulds and Vanderbilts, who play with the rights of the people as their fancy moves them; and in addition to systematic and well laid plans for constant unceasing extortion, occasionally astonish their admirers with a successful operation of some bold scheme that sweeps into their coffers the accumulated earnings and savings of hundreds and thousands of unsuspecting victims.

All of these powers opposed to the interest of the people surround Congress and our State legislation with their minions in the persons of the smiling, smirking, dodging, button-holing, gentlemanly lobbyists; who, in their eagerness to secure the passage of their pet scheme, fairly dog the peoples representatives, bringing to bear upon them every influence their fertile and cunning minds can suggest.

Think of it, men, into what a disgraceful and polluted surroundings we are obliged to send the people's representatives to make laws for their government, and cease to wonder that the vast far-reaching schemes to rob and defraud the people, are carried into successful operation. Cease to wonder that public land equal in area to that of several of the largest States of the Union, has been granted to a single monster corporation. Cease to wonder that through the success of plundering plots and schemes, by the so-called financiers, the whole country is periodically thrown into a panic during the turmoil and confusion of which the chief actors are able to amass vast fortunes from the wreck.

Then ask yourselves the question, have the people cause to complain? F. E. C. (To be continued.)

During the past week one of the leading Dry Goods Houses of the City, has been selling Dress Goods at a price which every lady knows is far below the cost of importation and about half the real value. The goods are one and a quarter yards wide, and every thread of the finest wool. It might be impertinent to ask where they get them, and how they do it. But that they do it, is a fact, and the Store, is the Bee Hive, corner of Main and Temple sts.

Hazel Kirke Cigars—Soby.

## SALUTATORY.

To the honest, industrious and independent-minded people of our good old commonwealth in particular, and our country in general, we hereby make our humble bow, and salute you one and all in the name of Justice, Liberty, Truth and Fraternity.

We come to you, friends, not as one engaged in a business venture, to say and do what is best calculated to please and satisfy "the unthinking multitude," and "pull the strings that pay best," but we come as an auxiliary and medium whereby your best thoughts and words, as well as ours, may go forth to enlighten the purchase and quicken the hearts of all who desire to walk in the pathway of righteousness, and secure for themselves and posterity a government which shall be in fact the government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

For long, dark and dreary centuries, oppression has ruled the earth, and oppression rules the earth to-day. Those who create the wealth of the world are the very slaves of those who control the land and other means of possible wealth. Those who make it possible for man to exist at all, who make the earth glad by their labor, are clothed in the meanest garb, fed on the poorest diet, and housed in the basest buildings. Chattel slavery is abolished in the republic, yet a series of systems for the utter enslavement of all labor has been instituted instead; and gigantic corporations in accordance with, or in violation of, law, are stretching out their monster claws, and are gathering to themselves the entire surplus product of the people's labor.

We are in the hands and completely at the mercy of "rings" and "cliques" of unscrupulous and avaricious schemers; in fact the whole machinery of government seems designed for no other purpose than that of a systematic plundering of the producers, consigning many of them forever to a life of hopeless drudgery, compelled to huddle together in pestilential tenement rookeries, away from God's air and sunlight, victims of disease and death; that a comparatively few may revel in luxury, abide in palaces, roll in gilded carriages, with liveried lackies in attendance, become millionaires, travel in Europe or Asia, legislate or hold position in the councils of the nation.

The great and learned St. Paul laid down as a fundamental doctrine of Christianity the axiom, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" yet our much vaunted civilization, our Christian civilization of to-day, though professing to believe in the divinity of his teachings, has completely reversed his doctrine and practically commands instead, "He that worketh and bringeth forth all good things from the storehouse of the Lord, must use sparingly thereof, so that he who is cast in firmer mold and consequently worketh not, may partake in abundance; and whosoever among ye shall deny, or preach other doctrine than this, let him be anathematized and denounced as a disbeliever in the Christian religion." Standing the anathemas of the high priests of mammon, the sneers, sarcasm and misrepresentations of a subsidized hypocritical press, the downright hordes of plotting politicians, the inborn treachery of traitors, the prejudice and suspicions of the honest but misguided, and the jeers, curses and rotten eggs of the rabble; we shall raise our voice and we shall stand aloof against the blasphemous perversion; ever preaching the true doctrine of labor as taught by Paul and his Master—the true doctrine of deliverance, and we shall strike with all the strength and talents that God has given us against all combinations and all laws seeking to enslave the people, and retard the progressive tendencies of the age.

Therefore, to ALL who sympathize with efforts towards reform in the body social or political, and desire to see the principles involved in our Declaration of Independence, a living truth in the land for which a Jefferson lived, a Washington fought, and a Lincoln died, we bespeak an active sympathy and earnest support, pledging in return that so long as might is arrayed against right, so long shall we be ever found battling for righteous principles and the supremacy of just laws.

Yet if at any time through the apathy or indifference of those for whom we struggle we should be forced to a suspension of our unselfish labors and return to obscurity, we shall do so with the proud consciousness of being unattainted with dishonor.

But we enter the field without such misgivings of the future. The majority of the people, we believe, are honest; thought we otherwise all hope would vanish, and this labor would never have begun. There is an awakening in the world. The light is at last dawning on the darkened vision of the long enslaved toilers. The seeds of thought are being sown, and with diligent effort and judicious care, cannot fail to grow and ripen into a fruitful harvest, a harvest of intelligence, true manhood and independence, where men knowing their rights will dare maintain them.

We have done. Let this, while proclaiming our status, also serve as an appeal. We swear to do our duty and we expect you to do yours. Extend to us then the moral and material support essential to the guaranteed success of this enterprise, and let us march forward, shoulder to shoulder with the watchword of Liberty! Equality! and Fraternity; emblazoned on our banners.

Liberty—the full freedom of each, bounded only by the full freedom of every other.

Equality—the equal right of each to the full enjoyment of all natural opportunities, to all the essentials of a healthy, happy, human life.

Fraternity—the which links together those who struggle in a noble cause, that would live and let live, that would help as well as be helped, that in seeking the good of all finds the highest good of each. "By this sign shall we conquer."

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